

IT Reigns

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Richie Tozier-centric, First Kiss, Gay, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, M/M,
Mental Health Issues, Mental Instability, No Smut, No Underage Sex,
Random & Short, Slow Build

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Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Sonia
Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/
Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak is scared. Of many things. When he thinks he's all alone in this world he meets him, Richie Tozier sitting down by the water. What happens next will change their lives

1. Introduction

Author's Note:

Note: Not free of mistakes, english is my third language. I try to update if people ask me to. Comments are wellcome

Chapter 1

Introduction

Whenever there was a slight feeling of concern Edward Kaspbrak would stand up, walk quickly into the bathroom, undressing on his way. He would eye his body from head to toe. What he was looking for? Any possible sign of sickness, any lumps, maybe he finds unnatural looking veins, bruises or maybe blood. It was like this for a few years now and he could barely remember the time before the compulsions. His mother was no help. Sometimes, he remembers, he walked down the stairs shaking, begging for support. Do not fall. She was sitting in the living room with the newspaper in her hands, the television on full volume. Distracting sounds. Unable to form a sentence, Eddie (how his friends called him, except Richie, who used more unfitting, annoying names) would stumble into the room. Sweat was forming on his forehead he felt hot, cold.

„Mom?“

Sonia let out a small sound, acknowledging her son standing in front of her. The newspaper was still in her hands, it kept him from looking directly into her eyes. The piece of paper with the large letters saying that someone died in the nearby city, shot and bled to death, seemed like a wall between him and safety. Thoughts came sneaking into his mind, leaving a foul taste in his mouth, he was unstable, wounded and vulnerable. „What is it Dear?“. Her voice calm. It angers him. There was no way his mother could be calm in a moment like this. The world was falling apart after all, his heart would stop any second now, his breath would hitch until it stops forever, eyes drying out, mouth dropping leaking fluids, organs would fail and cause immense pain until it was all over. He was doomed and yet his mother, his dear mother was calm. Suddenly there was a moment of awakening and Edward felt his breath

calming. Slowly, not to choke on his words he said: „Mother, I feel bad. There is a weird thing on the bridge of my nose...I bet it's cancer...“. The panick was back. As the fragile boy spoke the words it all came back, hit him like a cold wind, blowing fiercely. Finally and with a silent cutting sound the newspaper was gone, put to the table, being forgotten. Sonia moved slightly in her chair. „Come here boy.“. The warmth of his moms voice was calming, he was safe, at last: safe. Silky hands touch his face, caressing it slowly: „You are fine dear, take your medication and it will all be fine.“

That was it. The newspaper with the bad stories, with the articles about disease and death, this evil piece of paper was back up in her hand. Anxiety turned into anger.

Turning around Ed grabbed his yellow jacket from the little, dark desk in front of the door and said with tear filled eyes: „I'm out!“

And he was gone. Letting the sun dry his tears. Breathing in the healing fresh air. She did not understand. How could she? She wasn't feeling his pain. He alone felt it.

The street in front of him felt wider than ever. There were surprisingly many trees around, dancing in the light summer wind. This summer sucked. Sucked even though he knew that not far from where he was walking, his friends, his true family was waiting for him. Stuttering Bill, who would greet him warmly, asking if he took all his medication; Ben, his dear friend Ben who always made him feel safe. Beverly, a friend even though Eddie felt that he didn't talk much around her, it was still nice to have a motherly figure around. She was always there if he needed her. Mike, who seemed so grown up for his age. Eddie admired him. He was a passionate young man, dedicated and always kind. Stan. Stanley. Of course dear Stan, who was quiet sometimes, always annoyed by Richies constant talk. His mind went blank. Richie. There was a sudden need to see Richie now. No explanation needed, inside his heart he knew why he wanted to be close to the boy. His heart started pounding again. Harder than before but somehow pleasant. No fear this time.

Edward ‘Eddie’ Kaspbrak walked down the road, heading south where they met. It was evening but the sun was still shining bright up in the blue sky, making him feel slightly exhausted. He could still feel light waves of nervousness. Whenever they met, at any time of hour really (sometimes even during class), the mood changed abruptly.

The heaviness on his shoulder getting lighter, bearable. It was rare that all the Losers got together at the same time. Usually when Eddie was walking down to their natuery meeting point, he was either alone or saw Ben or Beverly sitting by the shore playing with the water. This time, to his surprise, he spotted another person...

His feet were stumbling over the uneven ground, causing him to almost fall. Eddie was able to balance himself out and landed carefully near a huge puddle. The water was shimmering grey. The look of it made him feel sick in his stomach. Trying to concentrate on something else (he could already feel the dizziness crawling up his back), he fixed his gaze on the boy sitting a few steps away. There he was. So close to his friend. A friend. Sure. A friend. There was a voice in Eddie's head, a ghostly whisper, louder than his thoughts. He noticed these whispers before but swore himself to not give in to them. He did though.

The dark haired boy stood there, not able to fully stay in the reality his mother (and some others) called >life<. He was gone for a moment, listening to the voice intensely. The story of unwanted thoughts, of frightening memories, of things too scary to name them. Could anyone even name them?

Eyes opened: „Eddie Spaggethi?“

Richie 'Richard' Tozier stood in front of him, hands on both of the smaller boys shoulders, touching him noticeably. Richie's voice cut him out of the thinking. All was well. At last. There was a period of silence until Richard decided to speak again: „What happened to you? Don't seem too well?“

It bursted out of Eddie like a thunder, a storm, like the blood of the person who was shot down, just like it said on the cover of the newspaper: „I am sick. I am sick Rich and soon I am going to die!“. More tears. He feared there was another silence. Another deadly silence. Richie was still, like his mother. There was no way this would ever end, the fragile boy thought, he thought again. Maybe death was the best option. At least he was with Richie, the Richie who he thought of as amazing and breathtaking and most of the times, annoying.

Richie's hands were on his cheeks now, caressing the soft skin. Again his mind calmed down. „Sit down and then you explain to me what

exactly happened, k?“

A nod and they sat down. The ground was dry below and Eddie decided it was better to not sit down completely. He got a glimpse at Richies shoes and wondered if these were new or old ones. They looked muddy and worn out but than again it was Richie who walked in them, so it would be no suprise if he just got them a few hours ago. His feet seemed to have grown as well. Eddie sometimes felt jealous. All of the boys grew fast. He was small for his age, has always been, but now his friends felt not only larger but also older.

„See that weird thing on my nose? It's huge. It's going to explode or it will get bigger and bigger and than I can't breath and....“ he was cut off. Richie feared there would be another episode of panick creeping up the delicate young boys body. „Show me.“

He said it louder than intended, but he felt the need to scream. Nothing else would get Eddies intention when he was in a state like this. A state of pure fear, where nothing was rational and nothing was well. Thoughts were rotating like an endless wheel of terror. A sudden emptiness followed by a hot sensation in the chest. Panick. The need to run from the enemy, only there was no enemy. The enemy was the mind. Fingers pointed to the thin bridge of Eddies nose: „T..there“

Richie eyed him carefully, not to oversee anything. He noticed Eddies little freckles; each of them placed individually on his skin adding depth to his face, making him whole, making him Eddie Kaspbrak, a piece of art. The taller boy gently touched Eddies nose, noticing the white spot in the middle.

2. Function

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie Kaspbrak and Richie Tozier sit down by the water. Talking.

Notes for the Chapter:

Note: Short chapter...Because I always write short chapters

Chapter II Function

„Congrats Eds, it's a zit! You are becomming a maan!“ said Richie, grabbing the boys body to hug him close. Time stood still. Richies words, his happy song, penetrated Eddies ear. Dull and empty. Mouth dry. The danger was over again. This time for sure. Edward felt lighter. „Are you sure?“. For once, what a rare moment, Richie was quiet. He knew that words weren't enough for his friend. He needed a security, a straining kind of love, something that was so strong that the fear would vanish. A faint smile appeared.

The sky was prepared to change its colour when the two boys sat down together, Eddie, this time on the ground, and Richie who held a stick up in the air mimicing any famous actor he could think of to make Eddie smile. Even though it might have been hard to listen to his changing voices and expressions, the smaller boy enjoyed the time: „Say, do you feel scared too?“

„'Course I do. Everyone does. You are sensitive to things like that. I already saw that when we first met.“

The Kaspbrak boy closed his eyes for a moment, recalling their first encounter. It was a day just like this one. He recognized the feeling. But when he wanted, pleaded to remember more, he was cut off again „I know I'm not as brave as Bill, not as smart as Mike and Stan not as...“ he was talking fast, so fast that he was scared to hyperventilate (he didn't). Richie laughed out loud: „No Ed my little spaghtthie! You are the bravest of us all, you are able to deal with your fear everyday. It's kinda temporary for us but you...man you're the real deal!“. Eddie noticed Richies glasses moving to his words, it

made him laugh a little. Sometimes he wondered why Richies glasses were so huge. Not only were they broken and fixed with tape, no, they were way too large for his slender face. Richies ears were big enough to hold them most of the time, but whenever he had to read in class one hand would slightly correct the position and ensure that they don't fall off, hit the ground and break again. Eddie noticed that he was thinking too much again and asked himself why he always wondered about everything instead of just letting things happen. He knew why. New things scared him. He was unable to react in time which could, could result into him getting hurt or worse hurting someone. Eddie noticed patterns, certain rituals he would do everytime bad thoughts crept into his mind. He would aim for his inhaler, use it, feeling his lungs being filled like breathing in fresh air, safety.

Sometimes, when that didn't help, he counts. Counts to a certain number. Seven. They were seven. A lucky number. The more time they spend together, the more they grew together, the stronger Eddie felt. No sickness, no fear of death would change that.

„Gee, it's getting cold, let's walk home.“ Richie said quietly in an unusual, worried voice. Was it concern? The sky was suddenly dark, they noticed how much time they had spend together. Their parents, especially Eddies mother must be furious by now, pacing up and down, biting her short nails until they bleed. He knew and he always returned too early. This time however he didn't care: „I'd like to spend some more time here. Do we need to leave?“

Eyes looked into eyes. Deeply. Moving with another. „As if I want to go home. We have to though, we can't stand out all night.“

Eddie knew Richie was right. In times like these both were awefully aware of the fact that they're still too young to live on their own. Home never felt like home. Would that ever change?

On their way they saw a cat running across the street. Eddie never liked cats but was somehow fascinated by their movements. The animal was out hunting. To feed on it. To survive. Eddie connected loose ends in his brain, they didn't make sense. The thought accured that fear is a cat. Sometimes, when it was hungry, it would crawl out of the darkness, catch you and play with you until you die. The fear, the cat would than lay down in the warm grass, kissed by the afternoon sun and rest. Silly thought. The animal dissapeared into the bushes. „You good Eds?“

No answer. Edward moved on, slowly and sad. Richie had trouble to keep up with him. Eddie liked to run. „Hey hey Eddie, know this one: I had a dream that I was a muffler last night.“ he said in a deep voice, almost too deep for him breath: „I woke up exhausted!“. The performance ended with a little bow and a laughter. Eddie laughed and turned around: „This is just so bad!“

Three more steps and they reached the high stairs in front of the Kaspbraks household. The stairs felt like another border he had to overcome. „So long my man, stay safe, be well. Come and see me again tomorrow.“

Eddie reached out for him. They hugged. He needed it. The warmth. The smell. His warmth and his smell. It was cold without the love of his friend. Eddie was vulnerable again. The cat would get him. „Here, take it.“ Richie held out a piece of cloth. A small hand grabbed it and walked slowly towards the house. Without turning around, without hesitation, holding the proof of love close to his heart. Tomorrow he said, so tomorrow it will be.